

So much is going to happen in this anniversary special Spanking Adventure that it will come in two parts and those parts will need to be divided into sections! We enter the story as the sinister black-gloved figure, whom we later learn to be Borusa, is systematically kidnapping the Doctors with the timescoop. But in this version, the mechanism searches more thoroughly along the Doctors' timestreams, trying to find the optimum point from which to extract each one. This means we get to dip into his lives a little more than was possible on television...

#### CAPTURING THE FIRST DOCTOR

To begin at the beginning, Borusa is stalking the First Doctor, and has located him beside a row of tents pitched on a windswept field at dusk. He seems rather annoyed with the elfin young girl beside him. Let's listen in...

'Foolish, meddlesome child,' rages the Doctor.

'All I did was tell the French Prince he ought to get a good night's sleep if he's going to fight a battle tomorrow,' protests Vicki.

'A battle which, according to history, the French lost because they stayed up all night carousing,' snaps the Doctor.

'Oh,' says Vicki, and looks at her feet.

'So we shall have to find a way of keeping the French awake, shan't we?' says the Doctor.

'I could collect up all the pots and pans from the cookhouse and...' begins Vicki.

'I think what I have in mind will make quite enough noise, but with less overall effort and a more salutary effect,' says the Doctor. He sits down, turns Vicki over his knee and pulls up her skirt.

'Oh, no, please, Doctor,' says Vicki. The Doctor's response is to bring his palm down hard across her mauve panties. She lets out a piercing yelp. After the second smack and its vocal consequence, there are sounds of stirring from inside the French tents. Above their heads, meanwhile, the whirling vortex of the timescoop gradually descends, waiting its moment to seize them.

'And remember, child,' says the Doctor, administering another sharp slap, 'we may need to keep this up all night if the course of history is to be preserved.'

The whirl of the timescoop falters for a moment, then goes into reverse. This is no moment to interfere with the delicately balanced polarity of time and matter by taking the Doctor out of time. It will have to look elsewhere and elsewhere...

In the background, the blackness of space with its random mottling of starlight stretches out to infinity and beyond. In the foreground, Steven Taylor is having an argument with Dodo. 'You ought to know by now not to just walk out the TARDIS doors as soon as we land!' he says.

'I don't have to do everything you tell me,' she retorts. 'And just look at that fab view! Who'd want to wait to see that?'

'And what if there hadn't been any air out here? It would have been the last thing you ever saw!'

'Well, there *is* air out here, lucky for you!'

The Doctor has just left the TARDIS in time to catch their last exchange. 'I'm afraid you're mistaken about that, my child,' he says.

'Come again?'

'There is no air in this lifeless place. You can still breathe because when you so impulsively went out through the doors, the TARDIS extruded its safety barrier after you.'

'So there was never any real danger,' says Dodo smugly, then turns to Steven. 'And you were making a big fuss over nothing!' She turns her back, determined to go off exploring the barren, rocky landscape.

'The barrier isn't infinitely extendable, you know,' tuts the Doctor, but Dodo isn't listening.

'Don't worry, Doctor, I'll get her back,' says Steven, and hurries after her. The Doctor stays protectively by the open doors of the TARDIS.

Steven catches up with Dodo on the other side of a ridge, but she isn't going back willingly. 'In that case, I'll have to carry you,' says Steven, grabbing her arm. 'But first...' With a tug he puts her across his knee. Her knee-length skirt is soon around her waist, and Steven is dealing out sharp justice to the striped seat of her panties.

The Doctor can hear what is happening, but is keeping all his attention on the TARDIS. Then he catches sight of something above him, swooping down. It is the whirling timescoop! The momentary break in his concentration is just enough: the TARDIS doors slam shut, snapping off the air bubble created by the safety barrier. The timescoop descends further as Steven jogs over the ridge, toting a soundly spanked Dodo over his shoulder. 'It's no good, my boy,' says the Doctor. 'The doors have closed. We can't get back into the ship. Just six inches of impassable vacuum, but it might as well be a mile!'

The timescoop is about to move in to make its capture when suddenly a pair of giant eyes open in the inky darkness of space, and a voice booms out: 'Hear, mortals, the words of your creator!' The presence of a superbeing changes everything: this is too unstable a moment in the Doctor's timeline to risk making an extraction. Borusa turns a dial and withdraws the whirling timescoop to search for more tranquil circumstances. And so the First Doctor is finally run to ground in a garden and brought to the Death Zone on Gallifrey.

## CAPTURING THE SECOND DOCTOR

Now Borusa begins to stalk the Second Doctor through time. We first see him plunge through a heavy metal door accompanied by a wide-eyed girl in a very short skirt. He slams the door shut and pushes the bolts across, then lets out a long sigh. His companion looks anxiously up at him. 'Oh, Doctor, I'm sorry,' she says. 'I just didn't think!'

'And because of your thoughtlessness, Victoria, those creatures have got into the base. And now we're trapped in here.' He gestures round the small room with its shelves of electrical equipment, writing desk and single straight-backed chair. 'But Jamie's still outside,' says Victoria hopefully, with an uneasy twitch at the hem of her skirt. 'Do you think he'll be able to persuade the soldiers to rescue us?'

The Doctor's angry frown breaks for a moment into a disarming smile. 'I expect so,' he says. 'But we must expect to be stuck in here for the next few hours.' He pulls the chair away from the desk and turns it round, while the frown begins to furrow his face again. 'Plenty of time for what needs to be done now.'

'What's that?' asks Victoria in a small voice.

'This,' says the Doctor, sitting down and putting Victoria across his knee. The anxiety she has been feeling about the length of her skirt is nothing now that she feels it being yanked it up, exposing her pink panties to the Doctor's punishing hand.

A short, sharp spanking follows. Neither of them notice the sinister swirl of the timescoop behind them. The sound of slaps and Victoria's cries echo off the rusting walls. Finally the Doctor sets her on her feet. 'I didn't like that very much,' says Victoria.

Before the Doctor can reply, there is the jagged noise of claws being drawn across the outside of the door. Silence. Then a crash.

'They know we're in here,' whispers the Doctor.

'Hurry, Jamie,' whines Victoria as she rubs her bottom.

And aeons away, Borusa curses under his breath as another unknown complication shows up. The timescoop will have to hunt elsewhere...

We move to a gleaming control room with a window looking out onto a dark, boiling swamp. The Doctor is entangled in a mess of wires. 'You must hurry, Doctor,' says Zoe urgently.

'I'm working as fast as I can,' says the flustered Doctor. 'It's not easy, you know!'

'But you do know what that stuff is,' insists Zoe.

'Of course I do,' retorts the Doctor. 'And now it's ready.'

Zoe frowns and wrinkles her nose at the messy lash-up. 'But will it work?'

'Of course it will,' frowns the Doctor. 'Just press this button here, and...'

Zoe grabs his wrist. 'No, Doctor, not that button! \*This\* one!' She reaches for a button at the other end of the control panel, and presses it decisively. From elsewhere in the control room there is a moment's ominous Geiger crackle, which then subsides.

'Oh no!' says the Doctor. 'My plan was to suck the mud up into the reactor and give it a dose of radiation it couldn't handle. Instead, you've dumped a load of radioactive gloop into the swamp!'

'But it'll have the same effect, surely,' says Zoe, but her eyes betray that this is more of a hope than a calculation.

'Not exactly,' says the Doctor. 'The concentration will be much lower. The mud will simply use the radiation to multiply itself and engulf us!'

'Oh, Doctor, I've got it all wrong!'

'Yes, you have,' says the Doctor gravely.

'Well, can't you think of something?'

'I'm trying, Zoe, I'm trying. At least it's not something that will happen instantaneously. We have half an hour to think of a plan... and for me do something else.'

'What's that?'

'Spank you!' says the Doctor, and claps his hands together loudly.

Zoe's face collapses into wide-eyed horror. 'Oh no,' she says, and turns to run. But there is only the control room. The Doctor chases her round once, then corners her by the door which leads out into the swamp and a fate worse than spanking.

And then she is across his knee. He lifts the skirt of her silver PVC minidress, leaving her shapely bottom covered only by bright white panties. 'Let this be a lesson to you not to meddle,' says the Doctor. He gives her a brisk, efficient spanking, while she flutters her legs and squeals.

Borusa tries to move the timescoop in for the capture, but it seems strangely reluctant to comply. As the Doctor sets Zoe on her feet, Borusa gives up and moves the device on to a later point. Now the Doctor is having an argument with Sergeant Benton... something about being allowed in at a reunion... and so the Doctor is at last scooped up, along with the Brigadier.

### CAPTURING THE THIRD DOCTOR

Now the timescoop is whirling somewhere in the Doctor's laboratory at UNIT. The TARDIS sits in the corner, humming gently. A small blonde in a shimmering white dress, the hemline skimming the tops of her thighs and a sprig of bright green neckerchief at her throat, watches as the Doctor argues with a man in a pinstriped suit.

'This case may be an accountancy problem to you, Parkins,' snaps the Doctor sarcastically, 'a little matter of balancing the books. But it's also about the unexplained deaths of four human beings.'

Parkins puts on his bowler hat, mumbles an embarrassed pleasantry and leaves. 'Of all the bureaucratic idiots,' says Jo bumptiously. 'You'd think that at a time like this...'

The Doctor cuts in. 'Mr Parkins may be something of an oaf,' he says, 'but he is trying to help in his own way.' Jo looks crestfallen as he settles himself beside a microscope. 'Now, let's get down to work. Get me those soil samples you took, will you?'

Jo reaches inside a shopping bag and pulls out four test tubes.

'But Jo, there's no record of where these samples were taken.'

'Oh, sorry,' she says, and pulls out a list. 'Here you are.'

'I mean, I don't know which is which.'

'That's what you're going to find out by analysing them, isn't it?'

'But don't you see that each tube had to be properly labeled and correlated with the list? Oh, I've been wasting my time trying to turn you into a scientist,' he sighs exasperatedly.

'Never mind, Doctor,' she grins. 'As the Brigadier always says, you're the one who has to be brilliant; my job's only to pass you your test tubes.'

Her attempt to make light of it arouses harshness in the Doctor. 'And now you haven't even got that right,' he says. 'I can see there's only one thing for it,' he adds swivelling so that his workbench is behind him. A hand snakes out and grabs Jo's shoulder. In a moment, she is facedown across his knee, her white boots waving helplessly in the air. Gently he folds her flared skirt back, exposing bright green panties edged with white lace. Jo shrieks as the first stinging slap lands, and goes on shrieking as the Doctor's right hand spans her bottom again and again.

But once again the timescoop isn't working, and Borusa moves it to a target point later in the Doctor's timestream. The doors of the TARDIS control room burst open, and in he strides, pulling by the ear a girl with short dark hair. With

his free hand, he activates the controls and the central column begins to go up and down as he seats himself and turns her over his lap. In the same movement, her black velveteen pants are whisked down to her knees, so that when she lands, her upturned bottom is covered only by yellow panties with a pretty floral print. She squeals. Then things go from bad to worse for her: the Doctor grips the waistband of her panties and pulls them down. 'No, Doctor, NOOOOO!', she shouts as the last thin protection is peeled away. But she is helpless as the Doctor's palm slaps down, a man's hand across her bare bottom. 'I only suggested you should stay on in the Peladonian civil service!' she pleads, but the Doctor ignores her and continues to spank. Her cries of protest and frantic struggling are to no avail, and before long her whole bottom is stinging red. Borusa's attempts to activate the timescoop prove fruitless. Then he realizes: there's too much artron energy inside a time capsule, and too many active chronons. He will have to stalk the Doctor outside his TARDIS. Sarah is still screaming and kicking across the Doctor's knee as he moves the whirling cone on, and finds the Doctor driving alone in Bessie...

#### CAPTURING THE FOURTH DOCTOR

The Doctor is sunning himself on a grassy bank, with K9 beside him and the TARDIS a little way off up a hill. He is blissfully unaware of the timescoop vortex whirling away somewhere nearby, just beyond the periphery of his vision. A figure in white is hurrying down towards him. 'Doctor, what do you think you're doing?'

'Relaxing,' comes the simple, slightly truculent answer.

'But what about our mission? Eternal chaos? The Key to Time?'

'We've got three segments securely locked away in the infinity safe, to which only I know the combination. We're halfway through. Time for a break! Isn't that right, K9?'

'Affirmative, master!'

'I can see why the President, I mean the White Guardian, assigned me to you!' says Romana. 'You're incorrigible, irresponsible, lazy...'

'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' ventures the Doctor.

'All play and no work makes the Doctor an... oooh!' Her sharp, sardonic retort is interrupted as the Doctor jerks into sudden action. In a trice, he is down on one knee and she is jack-knifed over the other.

'Not again, Doctor,' says Romana as he hauls her dress up to her waist, exposing her bottom in tight white lace-edged panties. The Doctor raises his hand high and brings it down with a resounding crack, again and again and again.

But the timescoop is veering off this part of the timestream. Borusa realizes that he cannot take the Doctor out of time just now: he needs to complete his mission for the Guardian lest the universe should fall into chaos. He turns a dial and searches onwards...

The buildings stretch off into infinity like the vertebrae of some oversized dinosaur. In the background there is an eerie, whispering susurration and the gentle clack of a million abacuses. In the foreground, the Doctor is administering a telling-off. 'You shouldn't have tried to follow us, Nyssa,' he says sternly. 'It

didn't help the situation and by doing so, you have put yourself in terrible danger. For that, you deserve a spanking.'

Nyssa bows her head obediently. The Doctor sits down and lays her flat across his lap. Her knees bend at right angles so that her high heels point directly at the Logopolitan sky. Her fairy skirt is unceremoniously lifted out of the way, displaying her thighs and bottom encased in skintight purple pantyhose. The Doctor begins to lay on a series of sharp slaps. At first, Nyssa stoically responds with only an intake of breath, but as the spanking goes on, a wet tear trickles down her cheek.

Borusa turns a control, then utters an obscure Gallifreyan curse. The timescoop has jammed again! Checking the instruments, he sees that once more the shadow of momentous events to come has prevented him from lifting his quarry out of time. Now he will have to track back through the Fourth Doctor's timestream until he finds another suitable moment to pounce.

The Doctor and the now blonde Romana are aboard a punt. They seem to be having a disagreement about universities: Romana is insisting that there are better academies elsewhere in the universe, but the Doctor stands firm for Cambridge.

'What about the Blinfield Institute on Stella Majoris?'

'No, no,' says the Doctor, punting.

'Or the Zartropon School of Intergalactic Economics?'

'Does the galaxy need more economists?'

'Or the Sashev Women's Oratory in the Magellanic Cluster?'

'Perhaps you should enrol there. I'm told the professors are empowered to spank the students for bad grades.'

'Somehow I don't think I'd end up getting bottom marks,' says Romana. 'But I still don't see what's so special about Cambridge.'

'Where else in the universe can you find anything as relaxing as a punt?'

'Oh, Doctor, you're so ...' She pauses to withering effect. '... provincial.'

'Is that so?' It was a red rag to a bull. You might almost think Romana was trying to provoke what happens next. 'Well, let's see how provincial you think this is.'

He sits down in the back of the punt, puts her across his knee and lifts her dress. Her white stockings, gartered with red silk ribbons, end just above her knees, and at the top of her pink thighs her bottom is covered by tight scarlet panties.

At either end she overhangs the edge of the punt, so that her head and toes are mere inches from the surface of the river. Her long blonde hair cascades down into the water, swirling in the gentle current. The Doctor is much less gentle as his palm smacks her panties. Romana yells and convulses, and with that her face ducks into the river and comes up dripping.

'Are you sure about this, Doctor?' she asks. 'OUCH!!!'

'Well,' says the Doctor, gesturing expansively around before landing another slap on her panties. 'There's nobody watching, unless you count a couple of rather curious ducks!'

The watching Borusa makes a quick decision and strikes at the control. The swirling vortex cone hesitates balks again, but, finally out of patience with its quirks, he forces it onward. In an instant, the timescoop has swept up the Doctor

and Romana... and jammed! The couple are trapped in limbo, caught in the middle of a spanking that seems destined to continue for all eternity. Borusa curses again, and activates the machine's second scoop. Perhaps he could try a Doctor from the future. He shuttles randomly forward in the timestream, and another screen shows a succession of images in rapid succession. The color balance flares momentarily, then stabilizes to show a curly-headed Doctor in a clown's coat spanking a buxom brunette in a dayglo leotard. Next, the same Doctor, but seemingly older and fatter, and across his knee a doll-like redhead in lycra exercise leggings. A smaller Doctor, his clothes spattered with question marks, administers punishment to the round pink panties of a blonde teenager who seems to be swearing at him in some arcane Earth argot. Another blonde, in jeans, tosses her hair and kicks her legs over the lap of a crop-headed Doctor in a leather jacket. A dark-skinned girl, her voluptuous bottom encased in white panties, gets a good spanking across the pinstriped knees of a younger, thinner Doctor, who next appears giving similar treatment to a protesting, bare-bottomed redhead. Another mane of long red hair flies around, and a pair of long, shapely legs kick helplessly in the air, as a stone-faced Doctor spansks her navy blue panties. 'I told you it was a mistake to wear that naughty schoolgirl outfit,' says a long-nosed onlooker dressed incongruously in Roman military uniform...

Borusa turns the switch and the screen goes dead. Even he can't risk causing that much disruption to the timestream yet to come – and the future is somewhere he's intending to spend a great deal of time! Then it hits him. Only one attempt netted two subjects, the Second Doctor and the Brigadier – who has never traveled through time. The timescoop has been having difficulties because of the residual chronon particles which attach to people who have passed through the time vortex: it has been jamming to protect itself from overloading. Scoop up more than one time traveler, especially with different chronon signatures from different journeys, and the catch will wind up trapped between departure and arrival. He glances across at the first screen, where Romana is still getting her red panties punished in an endless spanking.

He drums his fingers together. If they are to be a Doctor short, the remaining four may need another companion to help them, he muses, and turns a dial. The second screen lights up again, and the timescoop begins to hunt through England in the late twentieth century, in search of extra personnel...

#### CAPTURING A COMPANION

Barbara Chesterton is in one of her moods. She angrily flings a bedroom ornament at her husband, and behind him a mirror shatters. 'Hey, that's seven years' bad luck,' says Ian, trying to jolly her out of it.

'Don't you understand, you stupid man, we wouldn't be in this mess if the Doctor hadn't kidnapped us in that TARDIS of his?'

'We're not the first people to take a career break, you know!' Another ornament crashes into the wall behind him. 'You can't seriously say it wasn't worth it for the adventure!' CRASH! 'And think of everything we learned!'

'Name me one thing,' yells Barbara, 'one useful thing!' She throws something else, but this time Ian deftly catches it. It is a hairbrush.

'I won't name it, I'll show it,' says Ian darkly, and advances on her. Before Barbara knows it, he is sitting on the bed and she is across his knee. 'Thanks to the Doctor, I know exactly how to deal with you when you're like this!' He brings the back of the hairbrush cracking down across the seat of her white nightdress. Barbara yells.

Borusa decides not to risk abducting another twosome, and the timescoop moves on. But what his screen shows him next is Ben with Polly across his knee, her miniskirt around her waist and her bright blue panties vibrating under his spanking hand. 'Turn yer nose up at me, Duchess, and I'll turn another part of you up,' he says. Borusa sniffs impatiently. The chronon residue makes pairs impossible to snatch, but also easier to find. He'll just have to keep trying.

'I say, old girl, lend a hand, can't you? The Professor must have left his notes somewhere around here.'

'You may be on a UNIT investigation, Harry,' retorts Sarah, looking disconsolately around the rusting, salt-caked office, 'but the Doctor brought me here for a holiday, or so he said.'

'Well, I grant even by your standards you're not quite dressed for work,' says Harry.

'There's nothing wrong with my dress sense,' she huffs, smoothing down her little white pleated tennis skirt and grimacing, despite herself, at the memory of the undignified way she had to board this floating hulk that doubles as a scientific research station. Then she opens a door. 'Hey, come and look at this!' Harry comes over. 'It looks like some kind of control cabin. D'you think he might have stashed them in there?'

'No harm in looking,' says Sarah brightly, and they both go into the cramped space.

'Let's not waste time, old thing,' says Harry, moving the room's single chair to one side. 'You know what the Doctor said.'

'Yes, Harry, the fate of the human race... He will exaggerate so. And how many times must I tell you, I am not old and I am not a thing!' She leans back to rest against a bank of levers, and her bottom pushes one of them back into a new position. Immediately there is a resounding clang as the cabin's metal door swings shut.

'What've you done now?' says Harry in exasperation, reaching over to find the way out locked. There is a judder, and suddenly they both feel their stomachs lurch and their legs become unsteady. 'I was wrong,' says Harry, collapsing onto the chair. 'It's not a control cabin. It's a bathyscape. And we're headed for the sea bed! Of all the bally silly things to do...'

'It wasn't my fault,' insists Sarah. 'And I thought a gentleman like you would always give up his seat for a lady. I'm feeling wobbly too, you know!'

Harry harrumphs. 'Back to being the weaker sex now you want something, is it?' Sarah opens her mouth indignantly, but Harry cuts across her. 'Well, I'm afraid I need the seat right now, and in a few moments, \*you\* won't.' He takes her by the arm and draws her towards him.

'Harry!' she protests, slapping feebly at his hand. But then she is over his lap, with the walls of the cabin six inches away at either end from her nose and her toes.



'You may not be dressed for work, my girl,' says Harry, 'but it's an eminently suitable outfit for having your bottom smacked.'

'Don't you dare,' says Sarah, then feels the breeze as Harry flips up her little skirt. She is wearing white tennis panties with cute lace ruffles across the seat... which at least give her a little additional protection from what comes next.

SMACK! 'Ouch!' SMACK!! 'Yeowww!!' SMACK!!! 'Owwwwww!!!'

Borusa wrinkles his brow. Even this naval idiot seems to have traveled through time! He turns a switch, and Sarah's frilly, vibrating bottom fades from the screen, to be replaced with a suburban street. Sarah looks a little older and a lot less uncomfortable as she leaves her house. But she seems to be having an argument with an angular metal object in the shape of a dog. It seems K9 wants her to stay at home that day. But Sarah isn't having it.

'Danger, mistress, danger,' insists K9.

'I'm going anyway,' says Sarah, and strides out of the gate.

K9's eyes turn green. 'Protocol 17!' he says.

Sarah heaves a sigh and thinks that she'll have something to say to the Doctor if she ever sees him again. Then she walks briskly on in the hope that K9 won't catch her up... and gets scooped up by Borusa's temporal whirlpool.

Borusa rubs his hands with satisfaction. Now, if he can only find a helper for the First Doctor, he will have a full team of players into the Death Zone. And then, the Game of Rassilon can begin...

TO BE CONTINUED

The story so far: Borusa has used the timescoop to assemble a team of Doctors and companions to play the Game of Rassilon. The Fourth Doctor is trapped in the vortex, caught in the act of giving Romana a spanking, but the rest are all in place, scattered through the Death Zone on Gallifrey. The next step is for them to start meeting up...

#### THE FIRST DOCTOR MEETS SUSAN

As in the televised version, they encounter one another in the metal corridors and are chased by the Dalek. But when the Doctor begins to tell Susan his plan, she is more selfassertive than usual. 'I'm not a little girl any more, grandfather,' she says.

'Don't argue, Susan,' he insists, and briskly outlines what they are going to do.

'But I still think...'

'Do as you are told, child!' snaps the Doctor. And Susan does - which means the Dalek is duly destroyed.

'Now,' says the Doctor, turning to Susan. 'Do you realize that your disobedience nearly got us killed?'

'I was only trying to remind you how dangerous it is to fire energy weapons in an enclosed space,' protests Susan.

'I know that full well, child,' snaps the Doctor. 'Unluckily for the Dalek, it didn't! And as for you, what you need is a....'

But Susan has seen the hole the exploding Dalek blew in the wall. 'There's no time for that now, grandfather,' she says. 'Look!'

And, realizing where they are, they make their way into the Death Zone. It seems that Susan's date with nemesis has been postponed.

### THE THIRD DOCTOR MEETS SARAH

We return to the story as Sarah has just been hauled back over the precipice she carelessly walked over. (Let's imagine it was a much steeper cliff than on television.) It's the Doctor! 'Thanks for rescuing me, Doctor, but now perhaps you'll tell me why I need rescuing.' The Doctor hides the fact that he's unimpressed with her tone. 'And I also want a word with you about Protocol 17 and that tin hound you sent me!'

'Are you saying I gave you some kind of...' His voice betrays a slight distaste. '... robot dog?'

'Mmm. He's called K9.'

The expression on the Doctor's face could curdle milk. 'Yes, well, from my point of view that hasn't happened yet.' It sounds as though it never will if he has his way.

'You're right, of course.' The Doctor smiles; that's something he always likes to hear.' 'You sent it after you changed and became all...' She mimes. The smile disappears from the Doctor's face.

'Teeth and curls?' Sarah nods. 'Now, at the risk of shock inducing a premature regeneration,' he says, 'tell me about this ... K9.'

Sarah explains. '... and so I end up getting spanked. Usually by a total stranger. The very minute I was abducted, K9 had just declared Protocol 17.'

'So what you're telling me is that, right now, you deserve a spanking.' Sarah opens her mouth to reply, but no sound comes out. 'Well, I happen to agree. You should know better than to walk over a cliff.' He takes a firm hold on her left ear. 'Over here, Sarah Jane.'

And with that, he leads her across to Bessie, sits down on the running board and lays her flat across his knee. In an instant her pink skirt is around her waist and his hand is smacking down onto the white seat of her panties. Low though the Doctor is seated, with her face only inches from the ground, her feet are in the air and she can only flutter them ineffectually until the spanking is at an end. The Doctor releases her, and she adjusts her skirt and wipes her eyes.

Meanwhile the Doctor rummages in the back of Bessie. With a hoot of triumph, he pulls out a very large, very soft cushion and lays it on the front passenger seat. 'Something Jo needed quite often,' he says. 'Now, hurry along, we've a mystery to solve!' Sarah wrinkles her nose at the mention of her predecessor, but silently gives thanks as she gingerly lowers her smarting bottom onto the seat.

#### THE FIRST TARDIS REUNION

We return to the story as the First Doctor and Susan have found their way to the TARDIS and gone inside. After the initial mild unpleasanties and introductions between the Doctors, and after Turlough and the indignant Tegan get sent off to make the tea, the Fifth Doctor turns his eye on his younger self's companion. 'Surely it's Susan!' he says.

'Is that really you, grandfather?' she asks, a little disconcerted that she finds him so dishy.

'Yes, indeed,' he says, 'Four regenerations on and no ill effects yet. Now where was I?' He looks Susan in the eye. 'Ah yes,' he says, picking up where his former self left off a few scenes ago, '...is a jolly good smacked bottom!'

Susan looks anxiously from the First Doctor to the Fifth. 'You give it to her, my boy,' says the First.

'I think I will,' says the Fifth, and puts Susan across his knee. Susan has mixed emotions. She doesn't want to be spanked, but since she's going to be whether she likes it or not, at least for once it's a more attractive grandfather who'll be administering the spanking. There is a swish as her skirts go up, and she feels the brief rush of air over her bare legs, followed by a sharp and sudden lick of pain across her bottom and a minute's worth of screaming and struggling.

The Doctor lands one last smack on her purple panties before adjusting her skirt and setting her on her feet. At that moment, a sour-faced Tegan arrives with the tea. 'Thank you, young woman,' says the First Doctor, sitting down and gesturing for her to set down the tray on the table before him. 'We could all do with refreshments. Susan will take hers standing up.'

#### SUSAN'S ACCIDENT

The story continues on its way, with the Doctors deciding to go to the Dark Tower, an ambush by Cybermen, the Fifth Doctor teleporting out of it and Susan falling over and twisting her ankle. Tegan helps Susan limp back to the TARDIS, and in the console room it is decided that, since Susan is incapacitated, someone else will have to accompany the First Doctor to the Tower. Tegan obviously resents the fact that it's her, but Turlough whispers that the alternative is to stay behind and nurse Susan - 'traditional woman's work, you might say'. That settles

it! Tegan sets out with the Doctor, and it's Turlough who is left with Susan in the TARDIS.

In fact, Susan needs very little nursing beyond bandaging her ankle. Recovered, she looks herself up and down. She is covered in mud. She makes for the door into the inner recesses of the time machine.

'I take it the wardrobe room is still where it used to be,' she says.

'I wouldn't know,' shrugs Turlough.

Luckily for Susan, she quickly finds what she was looking for. Even luckier, some of her own clothes are still there. She sighs as she sees the black top with narrow orange stripes, then grins naughtily as she sees the matching leggings which her grandfather forbade her to wear...

A few minutes later, Susan emerges smiling from the wardrobe, all stripes from her neck down to the tops of her boots. She looks and feels a new woman. Turlough is obviously impressed. Maybe staying in the TARDIS won't be as boring as he thought...

#### EVENTS IN THE CAPITOL

We now pick up with the Fifth Doctor, who has been briefed by Borusa and the Time Lord council. We drop in towards the end of this sequence, after the Castellan has apparently been exposed as a traitor and assassinated by the guard commander. Then, from further up the corridor there is a delighted cry. 'Doctor! They told me you were here!'

Stepping blithely over the Castellan's dead body and into the room comes an incongruous figure. Her Gallifreyan robes end early, with a ragged hem above her tanned thighs where she has hacked the skirts off to give herself freedom of movement. There is a ripple of embarrassment in the room.

The Doctor turns. 'Leela,' he says. 'How nice to see you again!'

Her face falls. 'But you are not the Doctor.' Her hand goes instinctively to the hip where her dagger used to sit, before she remembers she isn't allowed to wear it here in the Capitol. 'What have you done with him, stranger?'

'Oh, yes,' he says, realizing it's going to be difficult: Leela seems to have lived on Gallifrey for a while yet not picked up that the local inhabitants can regenerate. 'You see, Leela, I'm the Doctor now,' he begins.

'The Doctor too!' says Leela. 'Then I am truly alone in this world of shamans.'

'No, Leela, you don't understand.'

'I understand all too well, evil one,' snaps Leela. 'It happens here all the time. Shamans steal away a man's body and take his place, and only I can see it! These people may think you are the Doctor, but I know you for the wicked body-snatcher you are!'

She leaps at the Doctor, but he is too quick for her and holds her by both wrists. It's a trial of strength between the most athletic of the Doctors and the most physically active companion – but life in the Gallifreyan Capitol may have sapped her prowess.

'Now, Leela, you remember what the Doctor would do if you behaved like this?' Leela's eyes flash a fire that conveys unspoken understanding. 'Well, to prove I'm the Doctor, that's what I'm going to do now. It's probably long overdue.'

And with that, he sits down and forces Leela down over his lap. She kicks defiantly in the air and her abbreviated Gallifreyan skirt rides up to expose her little white Gallifreyan panties. The Doctor proceeds to administer a stinging spanking while Leela grits her teeth against the pain.

'Is it really you, Doctor?' asks the bewildered Leela once it is over.

'It really is me,' says the Doctor. 'I wish I had the time to explain, but it would take forever and I'm rather worried about my other selves...'

#### THE FIRST DOCTOR SETS OUT WITH TEGAN

It is a useful irony that the abrasive Tegan ends up accompanying the most irascible of the Doctors on the journey through the Death Zone. Unfortunately for Tegan's temper, the First Doctor is also a lot more frail than the one she's used to, and as the walk goes on he visibly becomes exhausted and sits down on a boulder for a rest. Tegan takes one horrified look at the distance they still have to cover before they reach the Dark Tower. 'We can't stop yet, Doc,' she insists.

'There's no alternative, child,' he snaps, 'unless you want me to drop dead on the way, in which case all this will never have happened.'

'That's not such a bad idea,' she mutters under her breath. 'It's cold out here, it's got to be warmer inside the Tower, and it's over there.' She stabs a finger towards the edifice on the horizon.

'I can see there's something my other self has been neglecting,' says the Doctor. 'And don't call me Doc!'

'Look, I demand that you start moving again!'

'Do you want your bottom smacked?'

'My bottom is off limits!' she snaps. But of course it isn't, and in a moment she's over the Doctor's knee, her tiny pelmet skirt inverted to show her red panties. 'Now just a minute, Doctor!' she protests.

'This is something my younger... er, older self should have done a long time ago,' says the Doctor as he removes the woollen fingerless glove from his right hand. Tegan suppresses the urge to retort that actually he has done it quite often. Then his palm lands hard across her muscular bottom. She bucks across his knee, but he holds her tightly by the waist as he proceeds to soundly spank the yelping Australian.

'Most refreshing,' says the Doctor as a tearful Tegan struggles to her feet afterwards. 'Now it's only a brisk walk and we'll be in the Tower. I trust you'll be able to stay warm enough until then.'

Tegan rubs her sore bottom. 'I won't be asking for a top-up,' she grimaces.

'Good,' says the Doctor. 'But just remember, if you don't behave yourself in future, you will most assuredly have your bottom smacked again, and even harder than the first time.' He nods decisively, gets to his feet, and strides off towards the Tower with Tegan at his heels.

#### ILLUSIONS IN THE TOWER

Now we come to the part where hallucinations of past companions are used in an attempt to persuade the Doctors to turn back. We're going to flip the order in which they appear, so that the first scene sees the Second Doctor and the Brigadier encounter Jamie and Zoe. Zoe is wearing the costume as it was originally planned for the television version, without the transparent bubble wrap dress (which they only whipped up at the last moment for the television version when it turned out that Wendy Padbury was too visibly pregnant). In other words, just the blue catsuit. And she is in a familiar position, facedown across Jamie's lap.

'Please, Doctor, go back,' she begs. 'If you come any nearer, Jamie will spank me.'

'Aye, I will that,' he confirms, and raises his palm demonstratively over her blue curves.

The Doctor looks the tableau up and down. 'And I'm sure that's exactly what you deserve, Zoe - as usual! Come along Brigadier.'

He strides forward. As he passes, Jamie brings his hand down hard. Zoe screams. As the Doctor and Brigadier creep away, the sound of a good spanking echoes up the passage after them...

Now we move to a corridor somewhere higher up in the Dark Tower, where the Third Doctor and Sarah are making their way downward. Sarah says, 'Now we're in the dry, could you excuse me for a minute?' And while she slips away round one corner, the Doctor rounds another to see Liz Shaw across the khaki knees of Mike Yates, her blue miniskirt flipped over to expose her white panties.

'Stop, Doctor!' she says.

'Hello, Liz, hello, Mike,' says the Doctor.

Sarah returns, quietly adjusting her skirt. 'What's going on here, then?' she says.

'Turn back,' says Liz. 'Turn back now, or Captain Yates will spank me.'

'Why, what have you done?' says the Doctor and takes a step toward them.

Sarah grabs his arm. 'Doctor, you can't!'

'Sarah's right,' says Yates. 'After all, she knows what a spanking from me feels like.'

The Doctor turns to look at Sarah. 'I never knew you'd been spanked by Mike.'

'Sometimes I think I've been spanked by everyone, thanks to you and that metal mutt,' snaps Sarah, a blush spreading across her cheeks. Then her brow furrows. 'Just a minute!' She looks at Yates. 'The first time I ever met you was the Golden Age incident with the dinosaurs, right?'

'An incident involving, as I recall, a photograph of an allosaurus and a very sore bottom for somebody here,' says Yates.

'Really?' asks Liz.

Winning at the memory, Sarah waves a hand in irritation. 'But the time you spanked me was at the meditation center, after you... er... left UNIT.'

'I'll spank you again if you don't come to the point,' says Yates.

'So if you remember that, how come you're wearing your UNIT uniform now?'

'Good thinking, Sarah Jane,' says the Doctor. They're just phantoms drawn from our memory to make us turn back. 'And it's a firm belief of mine that when someone wants to stop you doing something, there'll be a very good reason why you should do it. Come on!'

He takes Sarah by the hand and they stride past the phantoms, just as Yates's hand slaps across Liz's panties for the first time. She tosses her long blonde hair

in surprise and pain. Sarah steels herself not to look back as the spanking continues behind her.

#### THE REWARD OF RASSILON

Now all the characters gather in Rassilon's tomb. The First Doctor catches a glimpse of his granddaughter's lithe, striped form as she arrives, and Susan gulps at the disapproval flashing in his eyes. But there is more pressing business to deal with first...

Borusa is unmasked as the villain of the piece, and Rassilon asks the Doctors if he should be granted the immortality he seeks. The Second, Third and Fifth Doctors demur. Then a diminutive dark-haired figure in a plaid skirt and ankle boots steps out of the shadows and tugs the First Doctor's sleeve.

'Where did you spring from, child, and who are you?'

'Never mind that, Doctor,' she says in direct Lancastrian tones. 'What you've got to say is...'

'I know very well what I must say,' snaps the Doctor — and proceeds to ask Rassilon to grant Borusa the immortality he seeks.

'Oh,' says Clara. 'You did know.'

And so Borusa is immortalized as a living statue, and the Doctors now have the leisure to turn their attention to their naughty companions. The First Doctor turns a steely gaze on Clara. 'And what, pray, gives you the right to interfere in my business, child?' Clara takes a deep breath, but the Doctor cuts her off before she can answer. 'I know exactly how to deal with girls like you,' he says, and in a trice Clara is across his knee.

'Why is this always happening to me?' says Clara. Then the Doctor's hand cracks down across the seat of her white panties. 'Owww!' SMACK! 'Owwwwww!' SMACK! 'Owwwwwwww!!'

'Susan,' says the Second Doctor.

'Yes, grandfather,' says Susan.

'Didn't we once have a conversation about that outfit you're wearing.'

'Yes,' says Susan, a little apprehensively.

'And...?'

'You told me I'd get a smacked bottom if I wore it again.'

'You're right, I did say that.'



Susan looks anxious. The Brigadier looks surprised. 'Surely, Doctor, you don't worry yourself about that sort of thing.' Susan's striped ensemble doesn't look especially immodest compared with what he has seen Zoe or Jo Grant wearing.

'Ah, well, Brigadier, this is a matter of promises,' replies the Doctor. 'Susan here promised me not to wear it, and I promised her that, if she did, I'd give her – let's not mince words – a spanking. Susan has broken her promise, and so it falls to me to keep mine. And since my, er, younger self is a little busy right now...' He glances across to where the First Doctor is still engaged in giving the wriggling Clara the soundest spanking of all her lives. '... the duty falls on me.' He sits down and in a moment Susan is across his knee. The striped seat of her leggings bounces as he begins the chastisement...

Sarah sidles up to another Doctor. 'You're the latest edition, aren't you?' she says. He nods silent confirmation. 'You used to be...' She mimes the Fourth Doctor's teeth and curls. He nods again. 'So I can thank you for sending me K9.' He smiles, and she steps forward and gives him a hug. 'And \*this\* is for Protocol 17!' She slaps him openhanded on the face. The Doctor's hand goes up to rub his cheek, then his expression darkens.

A moment later, Sarah is upended and having the seat of her polka-dot panties soundly spanked.

The chamber now echoes with the staccato sound of three spankings being administered to three squirming companions. Tegan scowls and her inner feminist decides to make a stand for her sex. She strides across to where the only remaining Doctor is chatting amiably with the Brigadier, and taps him on the shoulder. 'Excuse me,' she says sharply. 'Just who do you think you are?'

'I'm sorry, my dear, we haven't been introduced,' says the Doctor, extending a friendly hand. 'I'm the Doctor. Wearing my third body, to be precise.'

Tegan ignores the proffered handshake and gestures around the tomb. 'Look at all this: poor women being spanked left, right and center, and it's all by you! Just who do you think you are?'

The Doctor's eyes narrow in annoyance. 'Who am I?' he replies. 'I'm the Doctor. I'm a Time Lord. I cross the void beyond the mind. I'm two thousand years old.'

'And that gives you the right to do this? You think?'

'Eternal wisdom is my guide. And I don't have much patience left for silly little chits who question it!' he snaps, and takes Tegan firmly by the ear. 'Excuse me, Brigadier,' he says. 'I can see that my future incarnation doesn't have enough discipline in the TARDIS.'

‘Go right ahead, Doctor,’ replies the Brigadier. ‘I met that one at Brendon and she needs a firm hand.’

And so the Third Doctor puts the struggling Tegan over his lap and lifts her skirt. Tegan catches her breath as he pulls her red panties down to her knees, then screams as a searing red handprint appears across her bottom.

‘You know, Brigadier,’ says the Doctor, raising his voice to be heard over Tegan’s protests, ‘with every companion there comes a time when only a bare bottom spanking will do.’

‘More than once in the case of Miss Jovanka, I should think, Doctor,’ replies the Brigadier.

The room is full of slaps, howls and waving legs. Four bottoms – white, striped, polkadot and bare – quiver and vibrate as four naughty girls meet their nemesis.

Finally it is over. Three soundly spanked companions tearfully rejoin their respective Doctors. Clara seems to have disappeared into the ether, bound for another encounter in the Doctor’s timeline and probably another spanking. The different groups troop into the TARDIS to be restored to their own rightful places in time and space. The Fourth Doctor is returned to Cambridge, and Romana is finally able to struggle off his lap, her bottom red hot and her panties about to disintegrate. Sarah is deposited back at her door, where K9 is waiting for her. His eyes are still green.

‘Abscondment during Protocol 17 is classified as an offense,’ he chirrups, and extends his nose laser. ‘This unit declares Protocol 18. Sarah Jane Smith will accompany this unit to nearest figure of authority for enhanced chastisement administered to nude buttocks.’

Sarah looks up into the sky, wishing that another whirling time vortex would appear and carry her away...